This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute, on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall he all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald f
the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there
Be brisk a while, and the longer liu

Enter all the gueſts and g
Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen,
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walk
Ah my miſteſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, ſhe that
She Ile ſwear hath Corns: am I cor
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene
That I haue worne a viſor and coul
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis g
You are welcome, gentlemen com

Muſick playes and

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote
More light you knaues, and turne t
And quench the fire, the roome is g
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport co
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capule*
For you and I are paſt our dauncin
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſe
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo m
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it wi
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and t
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſ
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward 2. yeares

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH